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VOL. XIII. NO. 8.

MORRISVILLE AND HYDE PARK, VERMONT, THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1885.

TERMS \$1.50.

# REAL ESTATE For Sale!

## FARMS,

## Village Residences,

## Building Lots,

## Timber Lots,

## Wood Lots,

## Store, Etc., Etc.

My Calf Skin Business is absorbing my capital, time and attention, and, having decided to close out all of my other branches of business as well as my miscellaneous personal property and real estate, I offer for sale all the land I own except that occupied in my business and my dwelling, and will dispose of same at very low figures and on easy terms of payment.

### The Following is a Partial List of my

## OFFERINGS OF REAL ESTATE:

One 250-Acre Farm with fair dwelling, barns, sheds, etc., suitably divided into fields, pasture, wood, timber, sugar place and apple orchard; running water at house and barn, school house on land that was formerly part of the farm, saw-mill within one-third mile, soil strong and productive, and farm would be regarded worth \$3,000 as farms are selling. Will sell it for \$2,000—500 down, balance \$100 per year.

One 50-Acre Farm, fair buildings, good water, good soil; price \$750—250 down, balance 50 per year.

One 5-Acre Farm near Hyde Park village, suitable for a laboring man who wishes to keep a cow and raise his own vegetables; price \$500—150 down, balance 50 per year.

One Dwelling House in Hyde Park village, location good, buildings new and good size; price \$1,000—300 down, balance 50 per year.

Sixteen Acres of Land just out of Hyde Park village—a choice desirable meadow, not one-half acre in the piece but what is good; price \$300 per acre measure. Will sell part or all.

Several Good Building Lots in Hyde Park village. To enterprising and industrious young men who can raise 200 dollars to put into land and labor, I will furnish the timber, lumber, stone, brick, nails, glass, doors, sash, shingle and lime, wherever to build respectable houses, and allow payment therefor to be made in \$25 semi-annual payments. Land in parcels of one, two and three acres will sell on favorable terms to those who want land with same near by. Price of lots, \$75, \$100, \$125 and \$150 each.

One Store in Hyde Park village, known as the "Corner Store," or "Page's Block." It is rented for five years at two hundred dollars per year, but arrangements can probably be made to have the lease vacated if desired. Price, \$2,000—500 down, balance \$100 per year.

Sixty Acres Timber Land in Johnson. This lot is lease land and not subject to taxation, but is subject to an annual rental of \$12. Will sell my equity for \$125. I never saw the lot, but am informed that it is within two miles of a sawmill, no bad hills between mill and lot, and is represented to me to be cheap for any man desiring a logging job. Terms, \$50 down—\$25 in one and \$25 in two years, two dollars per M. stumpage reserved until I am paid.

One Timber Lot of about one hundred acres, lying on the banks of the mill pond which supplies the new H. S. Harkins mill in Hyde Park. Price \$300—\$100 down, 25 per year. Two dollars per M. stumpage reserved till lot is paid for.

One Building Lot in Belmont, Mass., within a few rods of both the Vt. and M. ss. and the Fitchburg depots at Waverly. Price \$400—100 down, balance 50 per year.

An examination of the property will show I believe that I have placed valuation much below what good judges would appraise it, but I am determined to close it out and relieve myself of the care of it at the earliest moment practicable. Parties desiring safe and paying investments will find this property well worth their examination. To such as want for their own use either of the parcels or real estate above offered, I confidently recommend AS CHEAP any one of the above described lots.

## CARROLL S. PAGE.

Hyde Park, Vt., Feb 2, 1885.

### A BROKEN DREAM.

High rode the flames upon the hearth,  
The wind howled fitfully without,  
And wind and flame revolved  
Sounded gleefully to laugh and shout,  
As hand and foot before the fire  
Leaned idly back and smiled and sighed,  
Her role of violet velvet hung  
In slumber folds down at her side.

Her golden hair in rippling waves  
Hung carelessly below her waist,  
And creamy lace from shoulders white  
Full, and its web-like pattern traced.  
Her gaze was always on her; her  
And mine was always upon her;  
The faint, sweet smile of sandalwood  
Came over as her face did stir.

A score of years—and once again  
I sat within the old room,  
And back upon the air three floats  
The faint, sweet sandalwood perfume.  
Darted world-wide was the wind,  
Yet, like a subtle, shy caress,  
I feel again me laid the folds  
Of that soft violet velvet dress.

HATTIE TYNG GIBSON.

### AN AWKWARD MOMENT.

[From Harper's Weekly.]  
"You must have been in some pretty tight places at different times, Roger. We know what you got the cross for, but I suppose that the chances were often very nearly as heavy against you." The man who made this remark was seated opposite his friend before the cheerful fire in the smoking-room of a London military club. Both had the bronzed faces and prematurely grizzled hair which betoken long sojourns under almost tropical skies. The one who had been addressed as "Roger" was slightly the elder, and upon his broad chest bore the tiny scrap of ribbon that indicated that the wearer had won the most prized of English decorations, the Victoria Cross. He did not reply for a minute or two to his companion's words. Apparently he had called up many reminiscences, few of which were agreeable, but at last a smile lighted up his features, and he said:

"Yes, old boy; I've very often thought my life wasn't going to last a second longer, but the most awkward moment I ever put in wasn't in the field."

"No. Then I presume that it was when you were besieged in the Residence during the Mutiny?"

"It wasn't in action at all. It was on board ship."

"Wreck?"

"No. That is to say, the ship wasn't wrecked, but I thought it was."

"Well, I have heard. It's twenty years ago, and the telling can't hurt anyone now. Still you will understand that the names I shall give you are not the true ones, and you must promise not to try and find out what those were."

"All right. I'll be content with the story."

"Here goes, then," said Roger, setting himself back in his chair. "It occurred just after we'd finished up the last of those black devils. I had pretty nearly got over the wounds I received in the affair for which the Queen gave me the cross, and I reported myself as fit for duty. The colonel, however, bless his old heart! wouldn't hear of it, and insisted on my taking a year's leave. There was no causal in going home then—and I found that it wasn't now—as by one of the fine clipper ships round the Cape. I was fortunate enough to get a cabin to myself on board the Winchester, of Greene's line. The purser, Watson, I had met at some dinners in Calcutta, and he promised to make things as pleasant as possible. We had very few passengers, mostly invalid officers, two or three civilians, and four ladies. I saw three of the ladies on deck when we sailed, and none of them impressed me as being specially charming. The captain, whose name was, well, say, John Smith, looked like one of the regular navy. He wore a uniform and sword, and was very severe of aspect, and stiff in bearing. I found out afterward that he was a regular martinet, and the half dozen midshipmen and the minor officers stood in considerable awe of him. On my being introduced, he favored me with a formal grasp of the hand, and jerked out a few words about having heard of me before."

"We did not begin to drop down the river till the day was fairly advanced, and I had scarcely got my traps in order when it was time to dress for dinner. In those days the captain would have been insulted if his passengers did not turn out in full evening frock. We soldiers were seated at table in accordance with our rank, and as I had only just got my company, I was pretty well toward the foot, or purser's end. This I did not at first feel inclined to regret, as the prospect appeared that we should be a little more free and easy than were the fogies up at the top. But when I looked fairly settled into my place, I looked toward the captain, and immediately began to deplore my indisposition. Seated on his right was the prettiest girl I had ever seen. Her eyes were—well, they're no use my giving you an auctioneer's catalogue of her charms. You just picture your ideal, and she would come very near it. All my attention was given to a silent watching of my new divinity, and I frankly envied the captain and a bluff old colonel who were privileged to be seated by her."

"As soon as dinner was over I got hold of my friend Watson, and inquired the name of the young lady."

"She's a Miss Lettimer," he said; "came out with this voyage, I am obliged to you for her health, she's going right back. Understand she's an orphan, and got some money. Dresses well, at least. Shall I introduce you?"

"Of course I jumped at the offer, and very soon the magic words were spoken which privileged me to speak to my idol. You see even now I get enthusiastic and romantic in my language when I talk about her, so you can imagine the condition of hopeless 'smite' in which I was then. Well, she proved to be just as charming as she looked, and before I turned in for the night I was deeply, desperately in love."

"I don't suppose there is any place in the world so favorable for love-making as a comfortable passenger ship. Not

one of these new 'ocean grayhounds' that rush at break-neck speed through all kinds of weather, and land you at your destination almost before you have time to know any one aboard, but a slow clipper vessel, whose only propelling power is nature's breath, and to the passengers on which every change of weather or shift of wind is of vast importance and interest. These afford endless themes for talk, and mutual intercessions to draw people closer together. Miss Lettimer had quite an affection for the Winchester, and had brought her safely from England, and was then bearing her back. She and the captain appeared to be on excellent terms, and she was often invited to walk on the captain's own side of the quarter-deck—a pathway which we were supposed not to venture to tread without a special summons."

"There was something about Miss Lettimer—Rose was her name—which was irresistibly attractive to me. I do not know exactly how to describe it, except as a curious compound of girlish innocence and womanly frankness. One would never dream of flirting with her, and I fancy few people would have ventured on any direct love-making without a speedy accompaniment of a humble suit for her hand. She was a perfect ideal to me; used always to be afraid that I'd overreached myself, and was constantly making me tell her stories of my experiences. I am afraid that sometimes I a little overdid it. She was a business, but she never seemed to mind."

"Day after day slipped away in an ecstasy of happiness tempered with occasional qualms of doubt. I hesitated to put my fate to the test, for if by any means I should be refused—and despite my belief that my affection was returned, such an event was barely possible—it would be very unpleasant to meet her every day for at least two months. Again, if she accepted me, I should be reminded, for which I was not prepared, to bear to wait till we got to England. There is no need for me to say that I was very young; you can see that from my state of mind. Well, finally I made a confidant of Watson. He sent the first knock at once. 'Ask the lady,' he said, and if she consents get the captain to marry you as soon as she's agreeable."

"That is legal?" I inquired.

"Perfectly. It will be duly entered in the ship's log just the same as a birth. The captain is ex officio clergyman, magistrate, registrar, and sometimes doctor."

"The idea was splendid, and I gave Watson my best thanks. I should have known that the West India Company would be so kind to me. It occurred to me that it might be as well to sound the captain and see if he would be willing to perform the ceremony. You see, I wanted to have everything done before I put my fate to the test. I waited three days for a favorable opportunity to speak to the captain on deck, but he never invited me to share his walk. So the next morning I sent a message to his cabin, asking if he could spare a few minutes, and the boy speedily returned with a request that I would follow him to the captain's cabin."

"I found the great man sitting at his table looking over a chart. Some how or other he appeared to me as unusually formidable."

"Good morning, Captain Hamilton," he said, as he waved me to take a seat. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Well, captain, it's rather a delicate matter, but I wanted to ask you something about your powers on board."

"They are absolute, sir," he answered. "Why do you ask? Do you want some one put in tons for snuffing you?"

"Not exactly, captain. The letters that I would like you to use are of a different kind—the matrimonial ones."

"The devil you say!" he exclaimed, jumping up and giving me a look that was very far from sympathetic for a love affair. "So you have lost your heart to one of my passengers? Pray which is it?"

"Well, captain, I answered, 'I know I can trust you not to let this go any further at present. It is Miss Lettimer.'"

"I didn't quite like the look that came over his face. It is possible, I thought, that this old sea-dog is a little bit gone in that quarter himself."

"He gave me plenty of time to think before he made any verbal comment on my announcement. His first words were—"

"Pray, sir, have you spoken to the lady on the subject of your hopes?"

"Not yet, captain."

"Has she given you any encouragement to think that the love you say you feel is returned by her?"

"No, captain; but she has been very kind to me, and has talked to me a great deal, and seemed to like to have me talk to her."

"And on those faint grounds you go to her?"

"I didn't at all like the tone in which he made that remark, and I was about to reply a little haughtily. I suppose he saw the expression on my face, and he stopped me from speaking by holding up his hand."

"Don't say any more, Captain Hamilton. I ought to have stopped you before. I couldn't possibly marry you to the lady."

"Why not, Captain Smith, I asked, rather warmly."

"Because, sir, I couldn't very well marry you to my own wife."

"What? I almost shrieked."

"My wife," he answered firmly. "I am sorry you should be placed in so unpleasant a position. It is partly my fault, but much more that of your own youth and rashness. You are an officer and a gentleman, and will respect the sacredness of my marriage."

"I felt so utterly crushed that I was scarcely sensible of where I was. Certainly I did not fully understand all he was saying, but I managed to retain sense enough to bow my head in sign of assent."

"I was married," said the captain, when I was last home, to Miss Lettimer, who was left an orphan under unusual sad circumstances and surroundings. She died to be left in England alone. The owners of this line do not allow their captains to have their wives with them even as passengers. We therefore decided to keep our marriage secret, and my wife looked as a passenger under her maiden name. Not a soul on board except yourself knows the truth. I

trust to you to keep it sacred, for I don't want to retire yet for a voyage or two."

"I am sure I don't know how I got from my cabin to my own, but once in the latter, I bolted the door, and never came out till the next morning. I can't tell if the captain ever confided in his wife what took place in his cabin, but I sometimes fancy I could see in her face, when her true fell on her, an expression of mingled pity and amusement that I never noticed there before. One thing I was sure of, however, and that was that when I became more familiar with her I did not think her quite so pretty as I did at first."

"When the Winchester touched at St. Helena, I arranged with Captain Smith that I should ashore there, and wait for the next vessel of Greene's line. We made his health and the need of land the excuse."

"That time in the captain's cabin was the most awkward moment I ever knew. I suppose I am the only fellow who ever asked a man to marry him to his own wife. At any rate, if there is another, he has my sympathy."

JULIAN MAGNUS.

### Bill Arp in a Strange Tavern.

Where do all the people come from and what are they after? The cars are full of them and the hotels are crowded wherever I go. They come and they go. They seem as restless as the wind on the sea. As I sat among them in this large lounging room I cannot help wondering what is their business and what they are thinking, and how many are happy and how many have some secret sorrow, and I wish I was a mind reader and could follow them in their thoughts of home and family—wife, children or mother away off somewhere. How much we are all alike if we only could have some kind of a common language to use with one another. I am a stranger to each and every one of them, and I am sure they are to me. When I draw them out on home and distant kindred it seems a welcome subject, and as we get more familiar, they warm up, and will venture to tell me of their families and their business. Strangers in a strange land are very quick to appreciate civility. A man may be offish and uncommunicative when at home but when he gets away from home he is just the same as a child. The captain is ex officio clergyman, magistrate, registrar, and sometimes doctor."

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### FOR SUNDAY READING.

#### SOMETHING TO COMMAND ATTENTION ON A DAY OF REST.

God the Spirit—International Sunday-school lesson—Why they do not go to Church—Talmage on Roller Skating, Etc., Etc.

#### TALMAGE ON ROLLER SKATING.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage said Sunday that roller skating eclipsed coasting, croquet, football, lawn tennis, and sliding by moonlight on a pond. It had an advantage over the gymnasium in that it was more exhilarating. It was good for all men to take one hour a day for roller skating. It would bring back life to the eye and strength to the body. It drove away neuralgia and nervousness.

"But let us have," he continued, "no more of the vulgar and immodest of young girls alone on the streets. They should be chaperoned by mother, father or cousin, who has a right to do it. If a young man tips his hat to a young lady in a rink and is not acquainted with her the proprietor must lead him to the front door. If those of us who live on the streets and sometimes at church doors should get justice done there would be more honest amusements and purer merriment. Let not brilliant lights and exciting music tempt to prolonged exercise. At the door of every place of amusement stands a group of pneumonia, waiting to escort you to the sepulchre. Filtration is damnation. When in Broadway, New York, or in Fulton street, Brooklyn, see at the evening hour daughters of respectable families, whose conspicuous behavior is intended to attract masculine observation, a horror goes through my soul. If I had a voice loud enough to reach from the Pecos to the Rio Grande I would say that this is damnation."

"Meanwhile let the old people remember that they were once young. Rheumatism is incompetent to give law to solid ankles. People who have the taste of the old before they are thirty years old have the life out of their bodies, and disgust the world with the cult of religion. God made boys and girls, and gave them tastes to be gratified. Their bodies need strengthening."

#### WHY THEY DON'T GO TO CHURCH.

Rev. Charles H. Eaton took for the subject of his Sunday's sermon "Why Do Not Young Men Go to Church?" He said that, in answer to this question, many explanations had been given by young men who did not attend services. Some of the explanations were frivolous or given in chaff, as, for instance, one young man said that he did not go because his sweetheart did not, and another said that he would not go in winter. The speaker then reviewed some of the more serious objections. Among them were that there was too much caste in the churches, that Christians were insincere and hypocritical and that their services were too lengthy and serious too dull. Other young men replied that they remained away from church because they were skeptics or out-and-out unbelievers in Christianity. He still closed Sunday as a day for recreation after a week's hard work, and believed churches to be places for women only.

The preacher said there was not more caste in the church than elsewhere; that Christians, while not claiming perfection, were, as a rule, sincere; that the services were not too lengthy; that the majority of sermons were not dull; that church attendance did not prevent young men having rest and recreation on Sundays, and that if women did go to church in greater numbers than men it did not prove that this performance of one's duty to God was unmanly.

In speaking about those who assailed religion he referred to Robert Ingersoll as a wonderful word painter and eloquent orator and as a shrewd politician and good lawyer, but denied that he had received sufficient training in religion to be himself a preacher, or as an expert on the merits or demerits of Christianity.

GOD THE SPIRIT.  
Oh, blessed Spirit! let me feel  
Thy life and breath upon my heart;  
Thinking for thee, I bow myself  
And wait till thou thyself impart.

To thee my earth-dimmed spirit cries;  
Thou art the life of all we see;  
Give me from thine abode of bliss  
Some word of thine own love to me.

Thou canst, to my weak thought unfold  
The meaning of Christ's matchless grace;  
Canst bid faith's ravished eyes behold  
The glories of thy Father's face!

If but thy quickening breath inspire,  
This heart with fervent love shall glow;  
And kneeling with Heaven's own fire,  
Heaven's bliss, on earth, I know.

Come, Holy Spirit, fill this breast  
With thy sweet, sanctifying power;  
Be thou my ever-present guest,  
My life, my joy, from hour to hour!

#### RELAYING A STORY.

The Christian Advocate thinks some false imputations addressed to it concerning its religious mission. It is put up with the following sentences from a negro preacher: "My beloved brethren, suppose Eve had sinned and Adam had not. Would Eve have gone out of the garden and Adam stayed in? And if so, would Adam have had grace to bear the sequel?"

Brother, I have often thought of this. I am getting to be an old man, and I don't know any more about it now than I did at the beginning. I have come to the conclusion, in my old age, that the best thing a man can do is to believe what is necessary to his salvation and what will help him work the works of righteousness, and leave Adam and Eve to take care of themselves."

#### INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

May 10—Sunday Our Example, Phil. 2: 5-7.

May 17—Christian Contentment, Phil. 4: 4-13.

May 24—The Faithful Saying, 1 Tim. 1: 1-6.

May 31—Paul's Charge to Timothy, 2 Tim. 3: 1-8.

June 7—God's Message by His Son, Heb. 1: 1-4.

June 14—The Priesthood of Christ, Heb. 9: 1-12.

June 21—Christian Progress, 2 Pet. 1: 1-11.

June 28—Review: Service of Song, Missionary, Temperance, or other Lessons selected by the school.

#### THE GRUMBLER.

In his last sermon the Rev. Mr. Collier alluded once and a good one—

against the chronic grumblers. Speaking on the question of taxes, he said that last year there were a